

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

No. 75.

THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1853.

{ PRICE 1d.  
{ STAMPED 2d.



## "ALONE IN THE WORLD."

So merrily they chatted and laughed, that one could scarcely wish the motion of their tongues less; for although a great deal of what they said might look nonsensical on paper, it was innocent

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humour—mere heart's play. And they were in a railway train too, going to the seaside; and so were we, which made us merciful and easily pleased. A serious but pleasing-looking young lady was sadly annoyed though, and every now and then

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took out her "Bradshaw," making many mental calculations as to the probable duration of this "misery of noise," and uttering at each station a sigh of self-gratulation.

The principal party consisted of a kind, good-humoured looking father, a rattling lad of fifteen, just home from school, no doubt, and three young ladies, two sisters and a "dear friend," averaging from eighteen to twenty-five. But there was yet another passenger belonging to them, a slim, delicately-formed young man, with a slight cough and a very languid expression of countenance; he had a look of care and premature age, and was very silent. He read a little, and seemed to think much.

Our journey came to an end at Dawlish, that pretty sea-bathing place on the coast of South Devon. It is a pleasant ride thither along the water's edge, for the line runs by the sea-shore all the way from the estuary thither, and a pretty, picturesque shore it is. But the train was going further, and such an excitement was produced by the voice of the guard at Dawlish, such a looking out for boxes and bags, and property of all descriptions, as made every one suddenly feel very selfish. Our carriage was quite emptied, and the great talkers, the silent young man, and the solitary lady and ourselves, stood on the platform. The guitar-case and gun-case, the fishing-tackle and the favourite dog, were all collected; and at the last moment a more important possession still was remembered, even a second-class passenger, the attendant of the family, who, having fallen asleep, had, as a matter of course, to be awakened, and who stood at last in a state of most pitiable bewilderment by the luggage.

The party seemed to have lodgings already prepared for them, and within so short a distance of the railway that they could walk to the house with ease; but the young invalid looked tired and worn, and we observed for the first time, as he left the station, that he walked lame. The only fellow-traveller that remained besides ourselves was the young lady, to whom allusion has been made. She stood with one foot firmly planted on a neatly-wrapped box, and with as many shawls, parasols, little bags and baskets in her hands and arms as they could be expected to hold. She seemed used to manage for herself; but still I had time to notice that she had a lonely look, and one could scarcely help painfully marvelling if any heart were aching to-day because of her absence, if any eye filled with tears as it rested on a vacant place in the household, and if now one bosom were throbbing with joy at the prospect of meeting. Alas! the lady's face plainly bore the inscription, "Alone in the world!" And she was in mourning too; not rich, new mourning, but black that looked already old whilst the grief was fresh, and it was plain that the garb of woe would be thrown aside ere the tear was dry.

"You are sure my boxes will be safe?" said the lady to the porter, receiving a ticket.

"Quite sure, ma'am; all right;" and he wheeled them away without ceremony; so, hoping for the best, she sallied forth in quest of lodgings.

The search seemed to be beset with many difficulties, for long after we had felt quite settled, and had seen our late companions strolling in a home-

like way about their pleasant myrtle-scented garden within full view of the blue sea—when it was almost dusk indeed—we observed the little figure of the lady marshalling a porter with a barrow from the railway-station to a small, quiet, unostentatious lodging in a bye-street.

Morning came; the young ladies were bathing at seven, walking at ten, at the circulating library at noon, and coming out thence shortly afterwards with three volumes a-piece. Our natural conclusion was, that they would spend the somewhat sultry afternoon in reading and repose; but never surely were more indefatigable pleasure-hunters! When four o'clock came, the whole party set out with sketch-book, camp-stools, etc., in a carriage, on some distant expedition, from which they did not return till nine. It is surprising how lodgers do watch one another at the sea-side. We felt quite an impertinent interest in the proceedings of our fellow-travellers, and so they did in ours, we have no doubt. And thus they went on day by day, we quite envying their capacity for exertion, and they really seeming never to be weary.

The invalid seldom accompanied his friends; now and then they walked out by the side of his low donkey-chair; but he certainly looked happier when, with his sketch-book, his botanical tin, and his other little sources of quiet out-door amusement, he travelled forth alone into the lovely shaded lanes, or drove upon the little space of sand which Dawlish boasts on the sea-shore. But his happiest hours, to judge by his countenance, were when he reclined, with no other companion than his dog and his book, under the shadow of a fine rock, watching the tide in its ebb or flow with that kind of dreamy fascination of which many an invalid at the sea-side has been sensible, and with a delight that never tired.

Sometimes he would extend his walk a little, and, when he thought himself unobserved, would manage to reach the wilder rocks, where he seemed happier still, and even less lonely than in human companionship; for his were the companions of many an afflicted one—the natural beauties of creation, which to him had voices unheard by the unstricken and joyous, whose hearts had never, like his, known weariness in the morning of life.

One day he lay gazing into the pure depths of those clear, still, rocky pools, with their green silky hangings, and rejoicing in all that the poet saw when he sang of

— "Those hollows of the tide-worn reef  
Left at low water, glistening in the sun.  
Pellucid pools and rocks in miniature,  
With their small fry of fishes, crusted shells,  
Rich mosses, tree-like sea-weed, sparkling pebbles,  
Enchant the eye and tempt the eager hand  
To violate the fairy Paradise."\*

He was sitting there one morning, we say, under his favourite rock and in his favourite solitude, when a grey-haired fisherman, sturdy in form and strong in step, passed him. He had his net and his basket on his shoulder, and was bent on securing some prawns, which, not being very plentiful this season, met with a ready sale amongst the visitors and invalids at Dawlish. Busy as he was, and in haste to avail himself of the low tide, he

\* Montgomery.

turned his head when he saw the young man, and regarded him as he might have regarded a son. Perhaps he had once had a son like him, frail and suffering. A little encouragement from the invalid and he would have lingered; but our friend was not social, and, as he looked more earnestly still into the rock pool, the fisherman judged that he would not wish to be disturbed, and so passed on.

Now, it is the privilege of tale-tellers to peep into solitary haunts like the present, and so I will tell you the result of my inquiry into the young man's feelings on that brilliant July morning. If you had asked him whether he were happy, he would undoubtedly have said, "Oh yes, with nature I am never dull. The soft murmur of that retreating tide is sweeter and more musical in my ear than ever were the notes of harp touched by mortal fingers. These corallines and sea-weeds, which in your eye may be so mean and worthless—the delicate shells which you tread beneath your feet—and these 'arborets of jointed stone,' have a charm to me that is dearer, ay, and a voice, too, more congenial, than the tones of the merry and light-hearted ones. Yes, I am happy—with nature."

But, indeed, he was *not* happy. Nature and the beauties of creation can never supply the longing which the Maker has implanted in every human soul for sympathy and communion. It is all a fiction that man can be happy alone—a delusion which he who, cherishing it, and withdrawing from association with his fellow-men, because he may not meet at every turn with thoughts or sentiments perfectly resembling his own, will find out when perhaps the heart he has closed so long will refuse to open at his bidding, and other hearts may then be closed to him. Eden would not have been complete without sympathy. He who made man's heart formed it to give as well as to receive—to participate and not to enjoy alone.

Something of this void Horace Wilton had often felt, and in spite of his intense happiness, he felt it now; but he cherished an idea that is quite a favourite with many reflective and intellectual young persons, namely, that he was not understood (or appreciated, as self-conceit would have said), and that, therefore, he must walk alone in the world, which, indeed, he was quite content to do.

How strange! the solitary young lady, whose arrival was recorded at the library under the name of Miss Hall, was cherishing just the same sort of bosom serpent; and pretty and harmless as the thing seemed, it was poisoning the life-blood, paralysing the vital energy, and ruining the internal peace of both. She *was* alone in the world, poor creature, and so she often said, as she pitied herself. It was but a twelvemonth ago since she had buried her only brother—her only near relation, in fact—and now she was in the plight of caring for no one, and, consequently, no one caring for her. Quite wrong, Miss Hall, let us tell you; this is not your misfortune, remember, but your fault. If no one care for you, then is it certain that you are doing nothing in the great family of mankind; and that, for all purposes of value here, you sea-gull, with its silver breast skimming the blue wave, or winnowing the air with its fan-like wings, would be as little missed as you. Nay, there are little ones awaiting the mother bird on some distant

crag, and if she fall a victim to the fowler's gun, they will pine, and perhaps die; but who would miss you, solitary lady?

Miss Hall was a great sea-weed gatherer, and she was so intent on her search this morning, that, being somewhat near-sighted, she stumbled over Horace Wilton's outstretched feet, and was compelled to apologize. He could but say something civil; so he said, "Don't mention it," and "A lovely morning;" and Miss Hall passed on.

By-and-by she met the old fisherman returning from his prawning; his basket was not very full, but he whistled cheerily. He was but a rough, untutored, untravelled man, but he was skilled in the human countenance, and something of the compassion he had experienced for Horace Wilton, he now felt for Miss Hall. Touching his hat courteously, he said: "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but the tide will run up fast in half an hour, and if you pass you point, you'll find yourself in a queer fix." Nothing, perhaps, could so effectually have aroused the social element in the lady as this appeal to her fears; and she turned quickly, determined to keep close to the old man in case of danger. Ah, Miss Hall! you would get on badly "alone in the world," you see. They had nearly a mile of very rough, uneven walking to perform; nothing, indeed, for the honest Dawlish fisherman, but a great deal for the delicate London lady in her old thin boots; and she complained of the shore, and of Dawlish generally, in no measured terms—"It is a dull place, I think." Miss Hall had said the same of Brighton and Hastings.

"Do you think so, ma'am? Well, maybe it is sorrowful-like, for where sick folks come so much, that is but natural. Did you pass a poor young gentleman, ma'am, as you came along, lying under the rock yonder, with a dog at his side? There's an early grave written on that face, if ever there was. Yes, when one thinks, Dawlish *is* dull."

This was not exactly the view of the matter that Miss Hall intended; her thoughts had a limited range, and seldom extended beyond her own little self, and she only coolly assented to the fisherman's remarks. At this moment a boy came up to them, and he seemed in haste; but Will Besley (so the fisherman was called) stopped him.

"No success to-day, Charley; no prawns worth your going for. I haven't caught above three score."

The boy's face overcast.

"How's the old man, Charley?"

"Very bad, very low; I had counted on getting somewhat nice for his supper to-night after a good prawning. The widow lady at Cove Cottage ordered two score of me to-day, but she can't have them, that's certain."

"I tell you what, Charley, she shall have the prawns, and you shall have the money." The lad, a high-spirited, industrious, independent lad, coloured. "Yes, and you shall pay me by taking an oar, if I've the chance to get a turn to-day a-pleasuring. But run off with 'em, my boy, 'to home,' and then come down on to the beach to the 'Good Hope,' where you'll find me."

Ah! generous Besley! you may well whistle so joyously on your rocky path. What are rough stones to thee, honest fisherman? With a heart

like thine, all ways are pleasant. What is a little failure in fishing to thee, kind fellow? There is no such thing as bad luck to a man with a genial, well-wishing spirit such as thine. The lesson was not quite lost on the solitary lady. It occurred to her how happy the young and the old man were, both in the giving and receiving. In time they came again upon the invalid. The attendant who had so nearly been left in the railway carriage was standing by his side when they approached, having brought Horace Wilton his jelly for the noon-day repast, and she seemed to recognise Besley at once, for she exclaimed: "Oh, sir, this is the good man I told you of, who took the ladies from Beach-house out in his nice big boat—none of your cockleshells."

Wilton nodded. "Your servant, sir. Will you go in an hour? The tide will serve us then?" It was soon settled; and in an hour from that time the faithful Bridget and Miss Hall, who came to see them put off, and Horace Wilton, and the two Guernsey-clad fishermen, were all on the shore. Bridget certainly had provided rather more wraps than a hot July day in Devonshire rendered absolutely agreeable; but it was all out of love; and Horace had such an objection to altercation, that he suffered them to be thrown into the boat, until Will Besley, with an expressive puff, declared that the sight of such garments was heating, and threw (with Wilton's permission) the greater part of them on the sand.

"Don't put the sails up," said the old servant in a warning tone. After a nod and a smile, the oars began to play, and the boat went off, leaving Bridget and Miss Hall on the shore. Bridget sighed, and Miss Hall sighed too.

"He looks ill," she remarked.

"Yes, ma'm, and he is ill;" and the poor woman burst into tears. "It is very sad to see a young man so afflicted."

"Very," was the reply; "but he has every alleviation, apparently." It is strange how we catch at alleviations in the case of another, which we should scarcely take up in our own.

"It seems hard, though," says Bridget, "to see one forced to be as an old man, as one may say, at twenty-five; and then he has no companions!"

"I thought those were his sisters, and that lad his brother."

"Yes, but you know, miss, the healthy and young can't always be thinking of and nursing the sick and weak. They are kind, but they are so different; and then he has been ill so long, that young folks soon get tired of that sort of thing, and fancy people can't be very bad whilst they go about at all."

"A selfish world!" said Miss Hall—"a very selfish world!"

"Ah! miss, you may well say so; we need take care we don't add to the lump; but we are all too apt, young and old, to think only of self. I know I am; and such as, like me, have no natural ties, as one may say, for I never had brother or sister in my life, and my father and mother died when I was a babe. There's enough of 'em destitute, I am sure; and a poor lone woman like me, getting towards her fiftieth year, should make friends for her own sake, if she wouldn't be miserable."

How innocently Bridget talked! She little

thought that to the lone maiden by her side her words were as gall. But they still were wholesome words, and, like many a bitter herb, they were useful, though not pleasant.

It was droll; but that very evening Miss Hall found out that her landlady, a decayed gentlewoman, was a very pleasant companion; and it was stranger still, that when she found she could help her, her heart opened a little. She had little money to give; but when she saw Mrs. Altham's candle burning one night as she was going to bed, she asked how it was, that, tired as she must be with waiting on her lodgers, she sate up so late, and kept her sickly daughter out of bed too. (Quite censoriously Miss Hall said all this.)

The answer was: "Ma'am, I furnished this lodging-house on borrowed money, and I shall never feel happy until it is paid. I accordingly work at my needle of a night to add to my little store of money which is laid aside for this loan. Thank God! I never want for work. Many kind friends supply me, and if I could do more I might have it, for every one is so good to me."

The next afternoon Miss Hall brought her thimble and her little box into the Althams' sitting-room. "I used to be a good hand at stitching; let me try," said she; and she stitched the wristbands of the rector's shirts so beautifully, that soon more work came in; and the lonely maiden began to sing less often to the tune of "Alone in the world." She had found friends, and was come out of her gloomy cell of selfishness to give and to receive pleasure.

"What a nice, kind lodger we have, mother!" said Mary Altham. "She has rather odd notions, but I begin quite to like her. I hope she won't leave yet."

"I hope not, Mary; she has been a good friend to us; and as to odd notions, my child, depend on it, there is something odd in every one, and something to like too, if we will but be on the look-out."

To return to the boating party. In spite of Bridget's warnings they did hoist a sail, a harmless little sail, quite innocent of any power or intention of upsetting the big boat, and very pleasant was the splashing sound of the blue waters as the craft cut along—Charley singing at the helm, and the elder boatman watching for an opportunity of cheering the sorrowful-looking gentleman. For some time, however, he did this in vain. He had not forgotten his dredging-net, (which, by-the-by, no sea naturalist ever should forget), and he had just brought up more treasures of the deep than we can count: fuci, corallines,

"Plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread;

Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair."

"You seem very fond of those things, sir," at length ventured Besley.

"I am, indeed; I have few other pleasures, you know."

"Well—no—sir, sickness does take a deal of the joy out of one's life, no doubt. Not that ever I was sick myself, thank God, though I scarce know why I should thank him for that neither; for I have heard sick folks—and we see a many of 'em here—declare that God Almighty gives in other things more than he takes away."

"Yes, they are right; I would not now change the pleasure which the study of these sea things,



for instance, gives me, for all the jollity and merriment, the leaping and the riding, and the party-going in the world. Flowers, plants, birds, insects, are my companions—the fittest for a sick man.”

“Ah!” said the fisherman, “very true, sir; and I dare say they’ve all a voice to you such as he (pointing to the sunburnt, half-sleeping lad at the helm) would never hear: messages like, from their Maker to you, in your lonely and suffering hours. But still they bloom and they die, and there’s an end of ’em. Now, I fancy, let me be as lonesome as I might—and I have had my lonesome hours—I never could make a friend of a thing without a *soul*; besides, we can do ’em no good, and that seems to me the great thing in mortal friendships.”

Rather a sharp satire this; for at the moment that Besley spoke, some poor little crabs and rockfish were struggling in the naturalist’s dredging net in a manner that clearly indicated that the friendship was all on one side, and that not on the part of the disturbed fishes.

These were new thoughts to Horace Wilton. He had never been like other children, and the loss of his mother when young had driven him, in his sickly childhood, to seek amusement for himself apart from companions of his age; and that which, rightly pursued, would have been a source of innocent joy to the poor youth, had become by selfish indulgence a snare and an evil.

“We are differently made, my good friend,” he said at last; “some are socially formed, and, I believe, intended to love society; others, as I think, to dislike it.”

“Yes, sir; but you don’t mean to say that you think *God* ever made man to dislike sociable life?”

“Yes, I think so.”

“Well then, sir, it strikes me—I aint no scholar, certainly, and I may be wrong—that a man with such a mind is not fit to live on earth; and yet, what will he do when he gets to heaven, for he can’t be alone *there*, and we know the good Father of all made nothing in vain; that you learn, sir, in your book of nature, as well as in the best of books. Oh, depend on it, sir, the more friends one makes, and the more good one does ’em, the more one falls in with the intent of the Maker.”

Horace scarcely knew what to answer, but he said: “Have you so many friends, then? You’ve a large family, I suppose?”

“*My family*”—and here the grey head shook mournfully—“lay, five of ’em, side by side in the churchyard on yon hill. Three—and they were my only boys, the youngest—had no need of graves; they had their last beds made in the deep waters.”

“Drowned,” nodded the boy at the helm, in an explanatory tone.

“And the old woman, bless her! has never smiled since that November morning. She is alive bodily, but her heart died when the lads died, and now is in the ocean with her boys. No, I’ve none to care for of my kith and kin, and when that great sorrow first came, my heart turned against all mankind. Because I could not have my brave boys, so, thinks I, I will have none of the gifts of God; and I went out by myself in the old rickety boat, and hoped sometimes (God forgive me for the hope!) that the storm would come and bury me with the buried ones in the waters. But

instead of the storm, sir, came a voice of peace, and taught me, in my musings on the midnight sea, that God will have his own way with his children, and that we are not to choose. Then, as I could not have what I chose, I thought I’d take what he chose, and asked him for work to do. My children were taken, but there were many fatherless ones in the world, even in our little town; and, thank God, I’ve found children which, maybe, but for Will Besley would never have had a father. Beg your pardon, sir; fishermen and sailors are always fond of spinning long yarns, and *self* is a tempting subject.”

Of what was the young man thinking, as he leaned over the boat side? No longer of the sea foam and the mermaid’s caves, but of *life* and its realities. He saw much of his own heart that day. He began to suspect that the fault lay, not so much in the world around, as in the world within him; and as he left the fisherman’s boat, Miss Hall, who happened to be seated on the beach, busily occupied with some benevolent labour for her landlady, her face beaming with a newly-found happiness, looked positively engaging in his eyes.

Will the reader now kindly take a jump of ten years with us, and transport himself to a house in one of the pleasantest and cheerfulest suburbs in London? Can he recognise that couple, not now young, but with the elasticity of step that marks good health, and the buoyancy of spirit that indicates a cheerful mind, seated so pleasantly in that neat parlour, with its snug curtains and its cosy fire? It is Horace Wilton; but not the invalid that we knew, for his countenance wears the hue of health; and it is Miss Hall, and yet not the Miss Hall either that we knew, for she is changed in more respects than one. Her countenance has no longer the inanimate, languid look that it once bore, but beams with pleasure and animation. We should not have recognised the delicate young lady of the Dawlish beach in the matronly and pleasing person who now bears the name of Mrs. Horace Wilton, and calls herself the pleased mother of two young children, who are just now clustering round their papa’s knee.

“Oh! Horace, I have had such a happy, busy day.”

“And I too, my love, have been almost worn off my feet with engagements; yet still, somehow, I don’t feel wearied.”

“Old Mrs. Simpson, papa,” exclaimed the little girl, “has been here to thank mamma for having been so kind to her little girl.”

“Yes, Horace, and Mr. Manson has been here, telling me of all the good you have done to our neighbours by that little library and saving fund you have established among them.”

“Well, Bella, (for that had been Miss Hall’s maiden name,) and do you know I have had young Horrocks down at my office, with tears of gratitude in his eyes for the situation which I managed last week to get him.”

But enough: we must let the curtain drop on that happy family scene. By way of retrospect we may remark, that Horace Wilton and Miss Hall had afterwards met in town, and discovered in the course of their interview much that was mutually attractive and congenial. Both had mastered a difficulty that at one time had nearly wrecked their

happiness in life, and both had learned the secret of that holy, elevating faith, which, working from love to an unseen Benefactor, transforms the heart which it enters, and makes all things new. Thus linked together by so many points of union, a higher and more endearing relation had, with the consent of their friends, been entered upon; and often amidst their active cheerful labours for the good of others, they pause and wonder if they are really the two sentimental and useless individuals who at one time strayed along the beach of Dawlish, and who stood alone in a world which had so many demands on their active sympathies and labours.

### CURIOSITIES OF THE HUMAN HAIR.

THE bard of Avon has poetically told us how we may find

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything;"

and a contemporary journal has lately shown how considerable a space even so despised an article as hog's bristles occupy in the world's commercial transactions; but it was reserved for a quarterly reviewer\* to disclose the pleasantries and philosophies that lie sheltered beneath the luxuriant folds of the human hair, in all its varieties, fashions, and colours. We have always known hair as the "universal vanity," that has captivated painters, inspired the effusions of poets, given employment and fortune to multitudes of *artistes*, and abstracted for its cultivation and adornment large portions of precious time, ever since the world began. A handsome wig, too, found in the temple of Isis, and now among the treasures of our Museum, as well as the curled heads and beards depicted on the Assyrian sculptures lately exhumed by Mr. Layard, had clearly proved to us that thousands of years ago men were not at all behind the present or any intermediate age in attention to head ornamentation. Still we were scarcely prepared to expect that on such a theme a *litterateur* would be able to harvest so rich a crop of curious facts as are collected together in the paper in question. We take the liberty of selecting a few of the more instructive passages for the gratification of our readers. And, first, as to the physiology and chemistry of hair.

"A hair," says the reviewer, "is not, as it appears, a smooth cylindrical tube like a quill; on the contrary, it is made up of a vast number of little horny laminae: or our reader might realize its structure to herself by placing a number of thimbles one within the other; and as she adds to this column by supplying fresh thimbles *below*, she will get a good notion of the manner in which each hair grows, and will see that its oldest portion must be its free extremity.

"The pigment cells have been scrutinized by Liebig, who finds a considerable difference in their constitution according to their colour. His results may be thus tabularized:—

	Fair Hair.	Brown Hair.	Black Hair.
Carbon . . .	40.345	50.622	40.935
Hydrogen . . .	6.576	6.613	6.631
Nitrogen . . .	17.936	17.936	17.936
Oxygen and sulphur	26.143	24.829	25.499

\* Quarterly Review. March, 1853.

From this analysis it would appear that the beautiful golden hair owes its brightness to an excess of sulphur and oxygen with a deficiency of carbon, whilst black hair owes its jetty aspect to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen. Vauquelin traces an oxide of iron in the latter, and also in red hair. The colouring matter, however, forms but one portion of the difference existing between the soft luxuriant tangles of the Saxon girl and the coarse blue-black locks of the North American squaw. The size and quality of each hair, and the manner in which it is planted, tell powerfully in determining the line between the two races.

"Another eminent German has undergone the enormous labour of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colours. In a blond one he found 140,400 hairs; in a brown, 109,440; in a black, 102,962; and in a red one, 88,740. What the red and black heads wanted in number of hairs, was made up, however, in the greater bulk of the hairs individually; and, in all probability, the scalps were pretty equal in weight. It is to the fineness and multiplicity of hairs that blond tresses owe the rich and silk-like character of their flow—a circumstance which artists have so loved to dwell upon."

There are probably few of our readers who have not often been struck with the magnificent displays of black, blond, or golden tresses that may be seen adorning the waxen figures that make our hair-dressers' windows so attractive, and who have not at the same time wondered how and where such silken trophies were procured. Who is it that consents to part with these ensigns of vanity, for the benefit of those who are anxious to disguise the ravages of age? Such is the natural inquiry that is started in the mind of the spectator. It appears that for most of the hair thus used, England is indebted to the foreigner.

"Among the many curious occupations of the metropolis is that of the human-hair merchant. Of these there are many, and they import between them upwards of five tons annually. Black hair comes mainly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is collected principally by one adventurous *virtuoso*, who travels from fair to fair, and buys up and shears the crops of the neighbouring damsels. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his 'Summer in Brittany,' gives a lively description of the manner in which the young girls of the country bring this singular commodity to market, as regularly as peas or cabbages. 'What surprised me more than all,' he says, 'by the singularity and novelty of the thing, were the operations of the dealers in hair. In various parts of the motley crowd there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant girls. They have particularly fine hair, and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent. But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out, and

hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown. No doubt the reason of the indifference to their tresses, on the part of the fair Bretonnes, is to be found in the invariable "mode" which covers every head, from childhood upwards, with close caps, which entirely prevents any part of the hair from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The money given for the hair is about 20 sous, or else a gaudy cotton handkerchief; thus the dealers net immense profits by their trips through the country.

"This hair is the finest and most silken black hair that can be procured. Light hair all comes from Germany, where it is collected by a company of *Dutch farmers*, who come over for orders once a year. It would appear that either the fashion or the necessity of England has, within a recent period, completely altered the relative demands from the two countries. Forty years ago, according to one of the first men in the trade, the light German hair alone was called for. This treasured article he sold at 8s. an ounce—nearly double the price of silver. Now all this has passed away, and the dark shades of brown from France are chiefly called for. Our informant, venturing boldly into a subject where-with ethnologists fear to tackle, delivers it as his opinion that the colour of the hair of English people has changed within the last half-century, and that the great intercourse since the war with southern nations has deepened by many tints the predominating Saxon blond of our forefathers. The same intelligent prompter assured us that any one accustomed to deal in hair could tell by *smell* alone the difference between German and French hair—nay, that he himself 'when his nose was in' could discriminate between Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and English hair!"

The subject of grey hairs and premature baldness is one that is at all times exciting the anxious attention of a large number of persons, who are just turning the meridian of life, and are engaged in a daily and senseless conflict with the heralds of decay and age—a war against nature, in which quackery gathers some of its richest spoils, and converts the failing covering of the heads of its dupes into a veritable "golden fleece." The reviewer has some excellent and suggestive remarks upon this branch of the topic, which may be quoted with advantage.

"The grey hair of age and debility," he remarks, "in the human subject, results, it is supposed, from a withdrawal of the pigment cells. We feel that we are now touching upon a part of our subject that becomes personal to not a few of our most respected readers. Many a *viveur* who has taken no note of time is suddenly startled by the discovery, as he shaves, of a few grey hairs—'pursuivants of Death'—and he eradicates the tell-tales with anything but an agreeable sensation. Our Parisian friends, who seem to be profoundly afflicted at the appearance of the first snows of age, have organised a diligent army of young girls to war against decay, and to wrest from Time the fatal ensigns he plants upon our brow. The *Salons Epilatoires*, where youth pays this little attention to age for an inconceivably small sum, usually hang

out 'Plus de Cheveux Gris;' and, indeed, of late we observe London advertisements beginning with 'No more Grey Hairs.' White hair, however, is not necessarily the slow work and certain mark of age. Some persons become grey very young; we believe that many in the prime vigour of life are suddenly blanched from the effect of terror, or some other great mental disturbance. Marie Antoinette's hair, it seems to be allowed, turned grey in the night preceding her execution. A case came lately under our own observation, in which a soldier, in order to escape the service, malingered in a hospital for three months, feigning rheumatism, and such was his anxiety to keep up the deception (which was, however, completely penetrated by his medical attendant) that he turned perfectly grey, although quite a young man. In these cases of emotion, it is supposed that the blood sends some fluid among the pigment of the hair, which at once discharges its colour. In some, though very rare instances, persons have been born with patches of white hair; and there is at present in the Museum of Natural History at Paris a portrait of a piebald negro, in which the hair of the head presents very much the parti-coloured appearance of the wigs exposed in the windows, half black and white, as specimens of the power of the various hair-dyes.

"Women are quite as often grey as men, but from baldness they are almost entirely exempt. This is owing in a great measure to the larger deposit of fat in the female scalp, which allows of a freer circulation in the capillaries of the skin. The scalp of a bald man is singularly smooth and ivory-like in texture; a fact which Chaucer noticed in the Friar—'His crown it shon like any glass.' This denseness of texture in the skin is owing to the destruction of the bulbs of the hair and the closure of the follicles; any attempt to reproduce the natural covering of the head on such surfaces will prove quite hopeless. From some cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men now than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us, a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures; which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson's Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk-hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver might recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well-ascertained circumstance, that soldiers in helmeted regiments are oftener bald than any other of our heroic defenders."

Closely connected with the loss of hair, are the arts for its restoration. Among these, "bear's-grease" has an honourable place, and the following anecdotes are curious.

"Touching upon the subject of applications for nourishing the hair, we must not omit the most important and imposing, though some people ima-



gine perfectly apocryphal, contributors—BEARS. We know Bruin has of late been declared a humbug, and there is but too prevalent an opinion abroad that he does not let his genuine grease flow for the benefit of mankind as freely as barbers would have us believe, from the announcement we so often seen in back streets of 'another bear to be killed.' After full inquiry, however, we find that Bruin still bleeds, without murmuring, for an ungrateful public. During the winter months upwards of fifty bears yield up their life in this metropolis alone, and they are, we find, very regular passengers between the ports of St. Petersburg and London. The destiny of these creatures affords a singular instance of the manner in which extremes meet—the shaggy denizen of a Russian forest having at last the honour of yielding up his precious fat to make glossy and smooth the ringlets of an irresistible Puseyite. If Ursa Major could only know his distinguished future!

"In order to combat the growing scepticism as to 'hairdressers' bears,' a worthy son of the craft in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's Church was long in the habit, when he slaughtered a Muscovite, of hanging him by chains out of the second-floor window, with an inscription to the effect that customers bringing their own gallipots might cut the fat out for themselves."

After these curious facts, and a passage deprecating the indiscriminate use of hair oils, pomades, and dyes, we are treated to a most humorous history of hair architecture and peruke manufacture down to the period of their fall, which happened simultaneously with the fall of the French monarchy. Pigtailed and powder, however, did not go out until the year 1808. Deprived of the privilege of elaborating their head-dresses, Englishmen seem next to have turned their attention to the cultivation of their whiskers, and, more recently, in affliction of continental fashions, their moustaches.

The reviewer winds up with the following hints, which may appropriately be recommended to many young men:—

"So well do people understand the character as expressed by the hair and its management, that it is used as a kind of index. Commercial ideas are very exact respecting it. What chance would a gentleman with a moustache have of getting a situation in a bank? Even too much whisker is looked upon with suspicion. A clean shave is usually, as the world goes, expected in persons aspiring to any post of serious trust."

He has entered into some speculations also as to the mode in which ladies may arrange their locks to most advantage; but, without countenancing anything like the neglect of care and neatness, may we be suffered to remind our female readers, whose eye may be glancing over this paper, of the advice given on this subject eighteen hundred years ago, at a time when the cultivation of hair formed among Roman ladies no small object of interest? It is briefly this: "Your adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but . . . . that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

## A VISIT TO THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

I.—THE BOROUGH OF STOKE-UPON-TRENT.

To the generality of readers the term "The Potteries" conveys but a very indefinite and uncertain idea—an idea connected, perhaps, in some undefinable way, with pots and pitchers, pipkins and earthenware dishes, china tea-cups, etc., etc. There is nothing very grand or striking in the term itself, or in the associations—though they are, doubtless, agreeable in the main—which it suggests to the mind; and we may safely affirm, that the notions current among strangers to this peculiar district, with regard to its general characteristics, are very far from the correct ones. Having taken a journey to the north of Staffordshire for the express purpose of spending a few days in the Potteries, and of gathering from ocular evidence such facts as might come in our way, we shall proceed to lay them simply and briefly before our readers, not without the hope that they may derive both information and amusement from the reports we have to make.

The Potteries consist of a number of small towns lying pretty closely together, and mostly, if not entirely, comprised within the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent. Stoke itself stands about twenty-five miles north of Stafford, and something like double that distance south of Manchester. It is rather centrally situated with respect to the neighbouring towns and hamlets which make up the borough, the principal of which are, Burslem, Etruria, Fenton, Hanley and Shelton, Longton, or Lane End, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Tunstall, and a few minor hamlets and villages. We have catalogued them alphabetically, from ignorance of the precedence to which they may be severally entitled; but they all lie within a space of ground not larger in area than that covered by the city and suburbs of London.

Stoke is a place of considerable antiquity, and is indirectly noticed in Domesday-book. The old church, which in 1829 was taken down, a new one having been erected upon a neighbouring site, was supposed to have existed, at least some portions of it, at a date prior to the Conquest—a corbel head of stone being found at its demolition embedded in a wall, and bearing the date, in Roman numerals, DCCCL. With the destruction of the old church, however, the antiquities of the place appear to have departed altogether; and no vestige that we could discern of anything like a hoar antiquity now remains to attract the curious eye of the archaeologist. The new church, which was commenced in 1826, and finished three years after, is a handsome and substantial erection in the English style of the thirteenth century, and is the greatest architectural ornament which the town can boast. Viewed from the entrance to the town, it has an imposing aspect, while the interior is elegant and simple; and the magnificent oriel window, the gift of a late rector, may challenge comparison with most specimens of the kind. Among the monuments is one to the celebrated Josiah Wedgwood, of whom we shall have to make honourable mention by and by, who died in 1795. There is an excellent organ, and an harmonious peal of bells, which compelled us, by the way, to keep our eyes



open from 1852 to 1853, literally keeping us awake from one year's end to another. The church stands on a favourable site, being surrounded by a burying-ground of four or five acres in extent, inclosed with iron rails.

Not far from the church, and near the railway station, stands the new market-house, a convenient building well adapted for the purpose, having rooms above devoted to the uses of an Athenæum, or literary and artistic society, which offers the advantages of a circulating library, and the opportunity of studying the arts of design at a trifling cost, but which, we were sorry to hear, from the statement of the secretary made at the annual *conversazione*, was in no very thriving condition. The only other public building is the town-hall, which stands on the rise of the hill towards Trent-ham, and which offers no particular features to distinguish it from buildings of such a class to be found in most of our country towns. The river Trent, which here is not far from its rise, cuts but an insignificant figure; it is completely eclipsed by the Grand Trunk Canal, which with its various branches intersects the Potteries, and forms a safe and suitable medium for the transference of their manufactures. The aspect of the streets and thoroughfares of Stoke is anything but attractive to a stranger, presenting more the appearance of a fourth-rate London suburb than of a town of business. Rows of small brick-built houses, rarely more than two stories in height, are broken into by huge brick-built factories covering whole acres in extent; monstrous cones of solid brick lift their peaked heads above the roofs of the houses, and here and there their burly basements bulge forth into the street and shoulder the passenger out of the direct path. Tall chimneys of brick soar up into the sky and spread their clouds of smoke through the sooty air; and beneath your feet a pavement of brick borders either side of the muddy road, and meanders away for miles towards the next town in one direction, or the green fields in another.\*

\* The great literary celebrity of Stoke was the renowned biblical student, Dr. John Lightfoot. He was born at Stoke rectory in March, 1602, and while yet a mere youth distinguished himself at Cambridge by his extraordinary proficiency in the Latin and Greek languages. Upon leaving college he entered into orders, obtaining a curacy in Norton-under-Hales in Shropshire. Here his talents procured him the patronage of Sir Rowland Cotton, who made him his chaplain, and at whose instigation he commenced the study of Hebrew. In 1628 he married the daughter of W. Compton, esq., of Stone Park, and soon after removed to the neighbourhood of London, for the sake of easier access to the means of study. In 1629, while residing at Hornsey, he published his first work, entitled, "Erubhim: or, Miscellanies, Christian and Judaical." The following year, being presented to the rectory of Ashley in Staffordshire, he removed thither, and there for twelve years devoted himself to the study of the Scriptures in their original tongue. In 1642 he was nominated by the Long Parliament a member of the Assembly of Divines, in consequence of which he resigned his rectory, and was chosen minister of St. Bartholomew's. In 1644 he published the first part of his "Harmony of the Old and New Testaments," and in the year following he was chosen Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge. At this period he laboured assiduously in furthering the completion of the London Polyglot Bible. At the Restoration, his high character and endowments secured him the continuance of his appointments; but he entered little into public life, preferring seclusion and the pursuit of his favourite studies. He continued to publish his valuable contributions to sacred literature up to the last year of his life, and contemplated a complete edition of his works, which he was prevented from preparing by his death at the age of 74. He was buried at Great Munden, where he had exercised the pastoral office for above thirty years. After his death his works,

The preceding description of Stoke is in some degree applicable to most of the towns in the Potteries, though each would afford some very marked differences, a few of which we proceed to specify. Thus Burslem, which stands upon a somewhat lofty eminence, has the advantage of a picturesque site, which Stoke, lying in a comparative hollow, cannot boast. Burslem, which lies about three miles to the north, when approached from the railway, which runs within a mile of it, presents a fine subject for the pencil of the artist; there are deep dells and abrupt declivities, surmounted by the irregular buildings and pyramidal kilns of the Hill Pottery, which crowns the ridge of the rising ground; and there is its lonely new church, standing on its forlorn platform of table-land, and looking as though it had been doing battle with foul weather for the last half century, and had been beaten black and blue in the process. On entering Burslem the stranger will find it a large and really handsome market-town, adorned with capital buildings, and supplied with handsome and well-furnished shops and good hotels. The town-hall and the market-house are both good and substantial erections, and the evidence of prosperity as well as the consciousness of it, meets the eye at every turn. Most of the topographical writers who have treated on the history of Staffordshire, have sought to establish the fact, if fact it be, that the practice of the potter's art in England had its rise in Burslem. Some of them argue from the original orthography of the name, which was at one time spelled "Burwardeslæm"—*bur* signifying in the Saxon tongue *water*, and *læm*, loam, or *clay*. Mr. Ward, in his "History of Stoke-upon-Trent," comes to the desired conclusion from two facts which we have no grounds for disputing—the one is the custom of our Saxon forefathers of giving one common name to those employed in making tiles and pots, that, namely, of tile-wrights; and the other is, that the family of the Tile wrights, now spelled Tellwrights, have been seated at Burslem for several centuries; and they still possess here a local inheritance, which, as its origin cannot be traced, may have descended from a remote ancestry, who exercised the tile-wright's craft in a Saxon era.

Hanley is also a handsome market-town pleasantly situated, hardly more than a mile distant from Burslem, and two from Stoke. It has the advantage of being placed upon high ground, is large, and apparently very populous, and, standing about the centre of the district, is considered by some as the capital of the Potteries. It is joined to Shelton, which stretches down the hill to within a mile of Stoke, Hanley and Shelton being spoken of as one town; and within them, or in their immediate neighbourhood, some of the most extensive manufactories are to be found. The church of St. Mark, which is situated on a rising ground not far from the main road in Shelton, is a beautiful structure, in the early English style, and it forms

a considerable portion of which he wrote in Latin, were collected and published in several editions, both in this country and on the continent. As a biblical scholar Dr. Lightfoot was equalled by few and perhaps excelled by none: his works have formed a kind of quarry from which succeeding writers have sometimes dug their best materials. He was the most industrious and persevering scholar of his day, and as good an Hebraist as his learned correspondent, the celebrated Buxtorf.

a conspicuous object in the landscape as viewed from various points. It contains accommodation for above two thousand persons, and one-fourth of the sittings are free. The east window is of richly-coloured glass, representing the Nativity and the Resurrection, intermixed with various heraldic devices surrounding a whole length figure of St. Mark. Shelton was the birth-place of Elijah Fenton, the poet, who was contemporary with Pope, and assisted him in the translation of the "Odyssey." He was born in 1683, received a classical education, and studied at Cambridge with a view to enter the church: he took a degree in 1704, and another in 1706; but finding that he could not conscientiously take the oaths to enable him to enter the church, he relinquished the design, and engaged himself as usher in a school. He was soon after appointed by the earl of Orrery as his secretary, fulfilling at the same time the part of tutor to the earl's eldest son. By the earl he was introduced to Pope, for whom he translated four entire books of the "Odyssey," receiving 300*l.* for his remuneration; he afterwards published a tragedy of considerable merit, by which he realized a thousand pounds. He was a man of amiable manners and fine principle, and was much esteemed by the literary characters of the day. He died in 1730, at the seat of Lady Trumbull in Berkshire. Pope bore testimony to the excellence of his friend after his decease, and wrote an epitaph descriptive of his character, the concluding lines of which were as follows:—

"Calmly he looked on either life, and here  
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;  
From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfied,  
Thanked heaven that he lived, and that he died."\*

Longton, or Lane End, the latter appellation having been recently cashiered from an imaginary notion that it is not suited for ears polite, is perhaps the most characteristic town in the whole of the Pottery district. It is, as its name implies, a very long town, and is undoubtedly the most crowded, and, if we are to judge from outward demonstrations, the least polished locality in the whole borough. It is a place, however, where a vast deal of business is done, and abounds in manufactories, some of considerable extent, which do a large trade. A great many of these are in the hands of men of limited capital, not a few of whom produce an inferior kind of ware suited for a cheap market. It is by the exertions of the Longton potters that the working-man and the cottager are enabled to set a china tea-service on their tables, brilliant in colours and gold, at a cost which we must not name, but which the humblest house-keeper can contrive to pay. An immense quantity of the low-priced English china, as well for exportation as for home consumption, is here manufactured weekly, as well as earthenware of all kinds, and toys consisting of images in gold and colours of men and women, and rustic groups, and dogs and cats, and Swiss cottages, and Bonapartes, Victorias, Great Moguls, Dukes of Wellington, Tom

Thumbs, shepherds, dairymaids, cows, John Bulls, and John Wesleys, etc. etc., as the advertisements say, "too numerous to mention." Here, too, is the chief stronghold and refuge of the old willow-pattern plates and dishes, which we had hoped, not having met with them of late years in civilized society, that a growing taste had banished out of being, but which we found here in all their aboriginal ugliness, stacked in thousands ready for the demand of some unknown market, and as blue and as bold as they were in the days of our boyhood.

The whole of the Potteries, we were informed, are especially plagued with mud in winter and dust in summer, and in both these possessions we should imagine Longton has the lion's share. We walked well nigh ankle-deep through the miry streets, and looked in vain for the evidence of any attempt on the part of the inhabitants to clean their ways—a negligence probably arising from the conviction that any such attempt would be futile. In the market-place, it being market-day, we were greeted with a spectacle which we should have imagined that no town in England at the present day could have produced: this was nothing less than a perambulating quack doctor, who, with his bottled monsters and nauseous mixtures ostentatiously displayed upon a large table, had taken his stand close to an oyster-stall, and, sagely sucking the head of his cane, according to the established formula, stood awaiting consultations and fees. Other evidences were not wanting that, whatever efforts had been made by worthy men in the place, the schoolmaster in his walks abroad had not been so successful as might be wished in this neighbourhood; dog and rat matches were advertised by placards on the walls; and in the room of an inn to which we were driven for shelter from a violent rain-storm, the talk was all of running and racing matches, of wrestling and boxing—all of which had been made the medium of gambling wagers, in which every individual would appear to have been either a winner or a loser. Subsequent inquiries convinced us that these detestable sports form the chief subjects of amusement and excitement among a very large proportion of the labouring classes throughout the Potteries—a fact which explains, very unsatisfactorily, their neglect of the Athenæum at Stoke, which, with good wages and much leisure on their hands, it might have been supposed that they would have combined to support as a means of intellectual improvement.

Longton has two churches—the old Lane End church, built in 1763-4, which accommodates above a thousand persons, and the new church of Longton, built by the commissioners for erecting additional churches, which will hold double the number. The town is crossed near the market-place by the railway on a viaduct twenty or more feet above the road, the cheap fares and short stages on which are a source of great convenience to the dwellers in the Potteries. Longton, which is three miles from Stoke, extends into the town of Fenton; and Fenton is a long straggling village made up principally of numerous potters' establishments, that line the road on either side of the way, and the humble dwellings of the work-people. This town, or at least a portion of it, was formerly in possession of the ancestors of Elijah Fenton the poet, and was doubtless originally called after the family

\* Such a state of mind in the hour of death would be most enviable; but it is to be feared that Pope, if we are to judge from his "Essay on Man," addressed to Bolingbroke, an infidel, and his "Universal Prayer," had a very imperfect conception of the source, as pointed out in scripture, from which real peace and tranquillity in the hour of death are to be drawn, namely, a living faith in the atonement of Christ.

name; it has a substantial brick church which will accommodate a thousand persons, the cost of the erection of which was defrayed by a legacy devised for the purpose by the late Ralph Bourne, esq., who died in 1835.

The town of Tunstall is situated about four miles from Stoke, upon the turnpike-road leading from Liverpool to London; it is altogether a town of modern erection, and has doubled its population several times within the last half century. It contains a large number of thriving manufactories, producing the coarser sorts of ware, to the establishment and prosperity of which there is no doubt that its abnormal increase is due. Of all the pottery towns, Tunstall is the most regularly built. The church is a handsome stone erection in the Elizabethan style, and contains a thousand sittings, one third of which are free; it was built partly by subscription from the inhabitants, and partly by funds obtained from government. The population of Tunstall at the present time cannot, it is supposed, be very far short of nine thousand; threescore years ago it was little more than an insignificant hamlet, forming one of the eight small townships comprised in the north side of Wolstanton parish.

Newcastle-under-Lyme is a place of considerable historical interest, and owes its name to the castle, supposed to have been built by Henry the First, some ruins of which remained in Leland's time. In the early part of his reign, king John personally visited the castle, and it is worthy of remark, that under his rule the town was fined in a sum of money for *having changed their market-day from Sunday to Saturday!* The castle subsequently came into the possession of John of Gaunt (so called from Ghent, the place of his birth), whose second wife, Constance, daughter of Don Pedro, king of Castile and Leon, resided for many years in the neighbouring castle of Tutbury. As we had no occasion to visit Newcastle, we must refer the reader to other sources for information as to the present condition of that town.

A pleasant walk of about a mile along the towing-path of the canal westward from Stoke, brings the visitor to the neat little village of Etruria, which is entirely the creation of the late celebrated Josiah Wedgwood, being built by him for the purpose of carrying out his improvements in the pottery manufacture. It consists of the mansion called Etruria Hall, still occupied by his descendants, the extensive manufactory covering many acres of ground on the western bank of the canal, branches of which are carried into the manufactory itself, and a wide brick-built street of workmen's dwellings sloping down the hill towards the railway, which has a station on the spot; to these have lately been added a number of houses of a better class, probably the abodes of clerks, foremen, and directors in the works. The little town is pleasantly situated, within easy distance of Shelton, of the township of which it forms a part. The manufactory contains every imaginable convenience for carrying on the numerous operations of the potter, and is abundantly supplied with the various mechanical contrivances which experience has suggested for abbreviating and facilitating his labours. In the adoption of these, the firm of Wedgwood and Sons set an example which has

since been followed by most of the large manufacturers of the district. The sight of this little town, the scene of his industrious and profitable labours, recalls to the mind so many of the events in the life of Wedgwood, that we could hardly escape from it, if we would, without presenting the reader with a brief sketch of the biography of a man who won renown so fairly, who wore his honours so well, and who was so practically a benefactor to his race.

Josiah Wedgwood was born at Burslem on the 12th of July, 1730; he was brought up to follow his father's business, that of a potter, and whilst a lad practised as a *thrower* under his elder brother. He suffered amputation of the leg while yet young, owing to unskilful treatment under small-pox. Confined at home by this cause, he sought amusement in experiments in his art, and succeeded in imitating in mixed clays the natural appearances of various valuable minerals, such as agates, jaspers, porphyry, etc.; and from these compounds he made fancy articles with which he supplied the cutlers of Sheffield. When he became of age, he formed a business connexion with a man of indifferent principle, from which he escaped after two years of fruitless labour. In 1754 he was received into partnership for an agreed term of five years with Mr. Thomas Whieldon, of Fenton, the most eminent potter of the day. At the end of that term he repaired again to Burslem and set up a pottery on his own account upon the spot now occupied by the new market-house. Here he thrived well, and continued experimenting with a view to further improvement; he now commenced studying the chemistry of the art from the best writers he could procure, and his business increasing, he opened two new potteries in Burslem, which he retained in operation until he finally removed to Etruria. At this time the pottery of the French greatly surpassed that of Staffordshire, and was imported in large quantities. Wedgwood turned his attention seriously to the improvement of his wares, and soon produced an article which gave a turn to the market; this was the celebrated "*queen's ware*," so called from the patronage it obtained from Queen Charlotte, and which soon became so popular that orders flowed in upon him faster than he could execute them. He now began to perceive the immense advantages which an inland canal connecting the Trent with the Mersey would afford, not only to himself, but to all engaged in the pottery trade. He became a strenuous supporter of the scheme, already favoured by the most influential men of the district, and was largely instrumental in expediting the Act which authorized the formation of the Grand Trunk Canal. No sooner was the Act passed, than he bought the land upon which the village of Etruria now stands, and which is intersected by the canal, and commenced the erection of his manufactory while the canal was digging. He began operations there in the summer of 1769, and having erected a mansion for his residence at a convenient distance from the works, removed thither in 1771. About this period the antique specimens of *terra cotta*, collected by Sir William Hamilton at Naples, began to excite much interest in this country. They were called Etruscan vases, though being found in Calabria it is supposed that they were the work of Greek



artists; and they exhibited fine specimens of an art the secret of which had been lost for ages. Mr. Wedgwood immediately set about imitating them, and soon, by the aid of encaustic colours of his own composition, produced a series of admirable copies which sold at a high price and met with a large demand. It was from the success of this new branch of his trade that he called the seat of his manufactory by the name of Etruria, which classical designation it yet bears, though it is best known among the population of the district by the familiar appellation of "Trury." Mr. Wedgwood had for a partner Mr. Richard Bentley, son of the critical archdeacon of Ely; and it is presumed that to his partner he was indebted for the classical subjects in the execution of which he became so highly celebrated. His prosperity at this period of his life was unprecedented; his works were sought after by the rich and the curious in every country in Europe, and the variety of beautiful designs which he threw into the market maintained the interest which his extraordinary talents had excited, and secured the continuance of his success. The most remarkable of all his performances, and the one which is considered his masterpiece, was his perfect imitation of the Barberini or Portland vase, (which the reader will recollect was smashed to pieces by a drunken visitor to the British Museum a few years ago, though afterwards, we believe, skilfully repaired,) and the first fifty copies of which were sold for fifty guineas each. Of this vase Mr. Wedgwood published a history in a small pamphlet, which was translated into French, and which evidences a mind habituated to weigh carefully and minutely the most trifling facts which can possibly affect the conclusions of the judgment. Having in the course of his untiring experiments found the necessity of some certain mode of ascertaining, with a view to regulating, the heat of his furnaces, he invented an instrument for that purpose, which he styled a pyrometer, and by which the higher degrees of heat might be tested. In May, 1782, he addressed to the Royal Society a memorial on the subject of this instrument; his communication was printed in the 72nd volume of their Transactions, and subsequently republished by him in the French language. He published various other pamphlets on the subject of his business, and in 1783 one entitled, "An Address to the Workmen in the Pottery on the subject of entering into the service of Foreign Manufacturers," which is said to have had the effect of allaying the rage for emigration which then prevailed among them, owing to the seductive offers of his foreign rivals. In 1785 Mr. Wedgwood was examined before a Parliamentary committee, and from the evidence he then gave, the country generally became first aware of the importance to the national interests of the Staffordshire manufactures: this he estimated from the immense amount of inland carriage they created—from the numbers they employed and fed as well in the manufacture as in raising the raw material—from the employment they afforded to coasting vessels, even then amounting to 20,000 tons annually—from the support they gave to river and canal traffic—from the conveyance of finished goods to the various ports of shipment, five-sixths of the aggregate manufactures being destined for exportation—and, lastly, from the vast quantity of

shipping tonnage which owing to their bulky quality was necessary to export them, and the employment of which contributed materially to the nursery of seamen for the navy. "We can freight a vessel," said he, "with goods of which the whole ship-load shall be of no more value than the contents of a Jew's box." His modesty led him to state that he considered the art of pottery but then in its infancy, a conjecture which subsequent experience has not verified. In the year 1783 he had the honour of being elected a fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1786 he became a member of the Society of Antiquaries. He corresponded largely with the most eminent scientific men both in this country and abroad; and was endeared among his intimates by his social virtues and genuine benevolence. He realized a large fortune by his unwearied labours, and he never closed his purse against the calls of humanity or the claims of any institution which he thought was for the good of his fellow creatures. He died at his mansion, Etruria Hall, in January, 1795, and was buried in the parish church of Stoke.

In perambulating the district of the Potteries—in traversing their miry roads and skirting their brown canals—the visitor sees other indications of industry than those appertaining to the trade of the potter. Here and there he comes upon the "whimsey" of the iron country, or upon a group of miners emerged from their underground toil; and he will meet or overtake, as he treads the towing-path of the canal, long barges freighted not always with clay or flints for the potters, but with iron cast in pigs, or in the form of shapeless flaky lumps, on its way to the mills and manufactories of South Staffordshire. The fact is, that the pottery district is also an iron and coal district, and vast quantities of both iron-ore and coal are daily dug from the bowels of the earth within its limits. Of the iron, some portion is run into pigs and some is puddled and rolled into finished iron for the market, but the larger part of it appears to be merely separated by the action of fire from the earthy material which encumbers it, and being thus rendered lighter for carriage, is floated on to the neighbouring smelting and rolling works which lie between Wolverhampton and Birmingham: the coal in all probability finds purchasers on the spot, seeing that the potters burn it in prodigious quantities—one manufactory consuming as much in a week as would suffice to propel a steamer to America—and that their number is very great. In the Potteries too, in the immediate neighbourhood of Hanley, the celebrated Fourdrinier brought to perfection his astonishing paper-making machine, by which paper is produced sound, dry, and perfect, from the pulp in a few minutes, in sheets of any required width, and endless in length. Like many other men of mechanical genius, Mr. Fourdrinier reaped but very doubtful advantages from his unrivalled invention. Other paper-makers, unable fairly to compete with him, infringed his patent-right, dragged him into expensive litigation, and brought him to the very verge of ruin; eventually, after pressing his claim upon parliament for a series of years—a claim backed by the strongest of all considerations in reference to such a subject, namely, that his invention had been the means of largely increasing the



revenue—the House of Commons granted him in 1839 the sum of £7000, a sum totally inadequate to the loss he had suffered in his own property, or to the benefits he had conferred upon the commerce and the revenue of the country.

We have noticed incidentally most of the churches in the several towns of the district. The number of dissenting chapels, it may be mentioned, which are scattered throughout the hills and valleys of the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent, is greater in proportion to the number of churches than is the case in most districts. It appears from a tabular statement in Ward's History of the borough, published nine years ago, that in Hanley and Shelton the sittings in both churches were 3300, while those in the several dissenting places of worship amounted to something more than 8000; and of above four thousand five hundred children educated in the Sunday schools of those united townships, little more than eight hundred received instruction in the schools of the establishment. The largest place of worship in the Potteries is Bethesda chapel in Shelton, which belongs to the Wesleyans, and will contain three thousand persons; and there is a considerable number of smaller chapels in the numerous adjacent towns and hamlets. The numerous sects throughout the Potteries appear to live in harmony with one another, and are not ashamed to combine together for the attainment of any object conducive to the general good. An abundant field of labour presents itself, indeed, both to churchmen and nonconformists, in reclaiming the numbers of individuals in the district who are indifferent to all religious truth.

There is one peculiarity of the Potteries which can hardly fail to strike an observant visitor, and that is the language or rather languages—for they are two—spoken in the district. It is very possible that a native, 'to the manner born,' may be perfectly skilled in both tongues; but to our ears they sounded as distinctly different at least as the patrician Latin and modern Italian of Rome. It happened again and again, on making inquiries as to our route from labouring men encountered by the way-side, that we were brought to a dead stand from the, to us, unintelligible replies we received; and we find it difficult to reconcile this circumstance with the fact, that a pure English is universally spoken by the middle, and, of course, the upper classes. We shall add a specimen of the dialect which, as an Irishman would say, "bothered us completely;" and, lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, we shall extract it from a work written by a native resident and published on the spot.

*The scene is a room in the Turk's Head at Burslem, where two old men are talking of old times.*

"Telwright. Thee remembers, Rafy, th' caart-ruts bein up to th' axle-trees along th' tåhin-street, here, that's nâi so gud, oi rek'n?"

Leigh. Aye, wal enuf; bu' ther wur no' monny caarts agait at th' teyme oi wur yung; th' beyurs as had no' meules, carrit ther pots i' creytes at ther backs. Th' Chester cley wur brou't i' panyers on th' back o' hosses, an th' furst hoss had a bell hung at his neck, t' gee warnin' 'ut th' gang wur comin'; for th' roads wur as narrow as they

wurn bad; and wee had'n mych wark t' get 'em mended.

T. Oi've some recollection abâit a stir as was mayde for t' hay th' roads mended an awturt.

L. It wur no little stur, belee me. An afore th' turnpoikes wurn mayd, moocast o' th' goods wurn fatcht away by jack-ass loads, bi th' higglers, as seun as âit o' th' oon.

T. Things are greatly mended for th' better sin then.

L. Ya. Oi'd summat t' doo t' get dâhin to L'rpool wi' eawr caart, at th' teyme as oi furst teyd Mester Siah Wedgut's wheit ware for t' be printed theer. Yu known as hâi ther wur no black printin en ware dun i' Boslum i' thoos deys.

T. Oi remember it varry weel. Oi s'pose Siah wur abâit th' same age as thiseln, Rafy, wur he no'?

L. Ya, oi rek'n he wur two year yunker til me.

T. When he staarted i' bizness furst, he made speunes, knife-hondles, an smaw crocks, at th' Ivy-hâhis, close to wheer we are nâi sittin.

L. Aye, oi weel remember th' teyme; an arter that he flitted to th' Bell workhus, wheer he put up the bell-coney for t' ring th' men to ther wurk, isted o' blowin 'em together wi' a hurn. 'Twur a pity he e'er laft Boslum, for he wur th' cob o' th' Wedguts.

T. Wal, aye. Bu' thee knows, Mester John an Tummy, wut bilt th' big hâhis, did'n summut for th' tåhin afore him.

L. Fawmally, it wur a feerfu' ruffish spot. Aw th' hâhisen wurn thatcht loike this heer'n; an afore ther durs e'ery body had a bread-oon an' ess-middin'; an' th' tåhin street heer wur aw full o' cley-pits.

T. Bu' th' lung Wedgut's hâhis made great altrication.

L. Ya, th' Big-hâhis wur thout a wunderfu' bildin at that teyme. Ther wur nout loike it aney wheer abâit.

T. Rafy, oi rek'n thee remembers th' oud scheymer, Brindley, workin at th' milln-reets shop i' th' yord, close by th' soide o' th' Big-hâhis?

L. Ya, that oi doo, varry weel. It wur at th' teyme 'ut he wur bildin the woindy-mill i' th' top o' th' Jenkins, for t' groind flint wi'. That's no mych more nor fefty year sin. It wur thout a famous job t' think o' groindin' flint loike fleawr. Bu' a high woind blow'd oaff th' mill-seeles, an' laft th' waws stonidin' thin nâi."

The above sample will suffice for our purpose, and as it contains nothing but facts well known to be true, the reader may learn from it the estimation in which Siah Wedgut (Josiah Wedgwood) was held among the working men of his day, and may gather some notion of the once deplorable condition of the now handsome town of Burslem. The old schemer Brindley he will recognise as the great engineering genius, the *protégé* and right-hand of the canal-digging Duke of Bridgewater. But it is time that we came to an end with these rambling sketches of the Pottery district and its past celebrities, and turn our attention to next week's paper, in which it will be our duty to look after the pots.

[This series of Visits to the Potteries will be completed in four papers.]

## A FEW THOUGHTS FOR "FAST" YOUNG MEN.

IN walking along the principal thoroughfares, or visiting the great marts of business, in our cities and large towns, one cannot help being painfully struck with the number of young men of apparent respectability and intelligence, who, it is evident from their air and manner, are sacrificing the freshness and vigour of their hearts and minds to the most frivolous and fruitless pursuits, and often undermining for life the foundations of health and happiness. We are often conscious of the workings of a strong solicitude for the welfare of this deeply interesting and, hereafter, highly influential class, but have felt the extreme difficulty of making any appeal calculated at once to reach and affect them. We are, therefore, truly glad to find that Mr. Binney, who is so well known for the successful efforts which he has for years made to promote the highest interests of young men, has lately published a new work, bearing a title admirably adapted to catch the eye of a commercial age, "IS IT POSSIBLE TO MAKE THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS?" This volume, which is the expansion of a lecture delivered about twelve months ago before the members of the "Young Men's Christian Association," abounds with original and striking thoughts, forcible appeals, manly remonstrances, and unanswerable arguments, and we should like to see it in the hands of every young man in our country. As a sample of the sterling stuff of which most of the treatise consists, we give the following extracts, and commend the solemn truths which they embody in all earnestness to the attention of the reader. We compress them from want of space.

An intelligent and virtuous young man will have neither vices nor vanities; he will not be in the habit of spending his earnings on expensive pleasures—in dress and ornaments, at theatres and casinos. His spare time will be given to books—to the acquisition of general knowledge, or to mastering the theory of business, and getting ready for possible openings and opportunities; to innocent recreation; to intercourse with respectable friends and acquaintance; to getting or doing good. He will risk nothing by late hours at night; he will excite no suspicions in the morning by his heavy eyes and languid gait—his gaping and absence suggesting the idea that some folly or debauch had made him stupid and useless when he should be wide awake. There will be no glaring mistakes in his accounts; no frequent necessity for revision; he will not be continually wanting more time to get up what is required; he will not stare with ignorant wonder, or be silent with conscious shame, when appealed to about something that he ought to know, or might have known, and the thorough masterhood of which, had he known it, would have been the making of him. He will not be passed over as unpromising or incompetent, when necessary changes are to be made in the establishment, opening, to the tested and quali-

fied, the observed and approved, rise in rank and advancement of income. In the same way, the journeyman and mechanic, who may have little thought, prospect, or ambition of being anything else, by industry, steadiness, sobriety, and all the other virtues which worldly prudence recommends, but which religion at once inculcates and secures, will keep in work, gain confidence, and gradually get to be a sort of fixture about the place; he will have things comfortable and happy at home, a coat on his back and a watch in his pocket, bread in the kitchen and books on the shelves; his family will all be respectable in appearance, and will always be at worship on the working-man's day of weekly rest; his children will mostly receive a somewhat higher education than their father, and, though *he* may not, it is next to certain that they, or some of them, will rise to a higher level in life.—So of the master: the young principal, venturing into business as a partner or alone, who has probity, honour, scrupulous integrity; who displays activity, tact, attention; who conscientiously limits his private expenses; and who, whatever he has to deny himself, struggles to maintain his commercial credit; who, as at once a religious and sensible man, has a quiet conscience, a pure heart, a true lip, clean hands and a clear head;—why, all these things have a natural tendency to help him on—not to mention God's blessing on earnest goodness and honest work. "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." But there is such a thing as a diligent but *bad* man making money, and, from God withholding his blessing, "putting it into a bag with holes." And there is such a thing as "God giving a man power to get wealth;" blessing "his basket and his store;" advancing him in condition and honour, and thus, age after age, repeating the story, and realizing again the experience of the young Hebrew exile—"the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man." . . .

I know it is thought that religious people have a great many drains upon them in the way of payments and subscriptions to this and the other institution or society. Why, a worldly man will often spend more in a single evening, in giving a ball and supper, or treating a party to the opera, than many a religious man of the same rank is required to pay for his religion in a year. Depend upon it the truth, in more senses than one, is that there is nothing so expensive as sin; nothing so exhausting as pleasure. The man who is the slave of neither may have other expenses, but, all things else being equal, he will generally be best prepared for making a deposit, getting credit or security, or taking a step onwards from his present position. A careflessness to maintain an inward harmony with the upper world, by preserving him from the follies and clothing him with the virtues of this, will often command, without his aiming at them as a chief end, the prosperity and success which the laws that regulate society attach, as a natural consequence, to inexpensive habits and true worth.

So with respect to *old age*. The way in which a good man uses his body and soul, his heart and conscience; the principles and habits favourable to character; the practical course conducive to comfort, competence, and success; why, all these have a direct bearing, by way of natural consequence, upon long life. He, who inherits a good constitu-

tion, may—barring accidents—generally live as long as he likes. All the laws of our nature, when respected and obeyed, work in favour of us; they are intended to do this—to promote growth and development, to give strength, compactness, elastic force, health, perpetuity—such perpetuity as may belong to a physical system like ours. Disease is disorder, derangement, obstruction, infection; life may be endangered by casualty, terminated in a moment by accident, and so on. Now, there may be no avoiding a flash of lightning, or escaping a storm at sea, or surviving a collision on the rail. Fracture and injury from external things, death from unknown or uncontrollable causes, must be put out of the discussion. We then say, that according to all natural laws, a thoroughly virtuous, and therefore regular and temperate man, will not be likely to shorten life by sowing the seeds of disease within himself, or occasioning functional derangement. He will be better able than others to resist infection, to be unhurt by any mysterious, malignant miasma; and he will not be exposed to some accidents that are often fatal, those which never happen but to inconsideration, folly and recklessness. He will sustain, too, better, and for a longer time, the wear and tear and toil of life. . .

The vicious die early. They fall like shadows or tumble like wrecks and ruins into the grave, often well quite young, almost always before forty. The wicked "liveth not half his days." The world at once ratifies the truth and assigns the reason by describing the dissolute as "fast men;" that is, they *live* fast; they spend their twelve hours in six, getting through the whole before the meridian, and dropping out of sight and into darkness while others are in the glow and glory of life. "Their sun goes down while it is yet day." And they might have helped it. Many a one dies long before he need. Your men of genius, like Burns and Byron, to whom, when dissipated and profligate, thirty-seven is so fatal; and your obscure and nameless "wandering stars," who waste their youth in libertine indulgence; they *cannot* live long. They must die early. They put on the steam till they blow up the boiler. They run at such a rate, that the fire goes out for want of fuel. The machinery is destroyed by reckless speed and rapid wear. Nothing can save them. Their physical system cannot stand the strain they put it to; while the state of their minds is often such, that the soul would eat through the substance of the most robust body, and make for itself a way of escape from the incessant hell of its own thoughts. But all probabilities are on the side of a different fate for the good. Peace and contentment, religious faith and religious virtue, are so many guarantees for long life.

#### A CUSTOM OF THE TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.

THE restoration of Charles II, which occasioned such a delirium of joy when it occurred, could hardly fail of being honoured by the observance of what might be considered appropriate ceremonies at each returning anniversary. We are told that the passage of the king on the 29th of May, 1661, from Dover to London, was one continued

triumph; and that the road from Rochester to the capital was lined with booths on either side of the way, presenting the spectacle of a continuous fair nearly thirty miles in length. Charles, though a man of vulgar sentiments and scandalous profligacy, retained his popularity during the whole of his reign; and the day of his accession to the throne, which was also his birth-day, continued to be observed as a general holiday as long as he lived. After his death, the custom of making holiday on what was vulgarly called "Oak-apple-day," in allusion to the concealment of the royal fugitive in the oak at Boscobel, had been too long established to die a sudden death. It could not be displeasing to James, who inherited his brother's crown; and if, as we may suppose, it fell into disuse under the reign of William of Orange, it prevailed during that of Anne, under whom the oak-leaf in the hat towards the latter end of May began to be assumed as the badge and profession of loyalty, while its absence was looked upon as indicative of a leaning to puritanism. It frequently happens that the outward and visible signs of partisanship will long survive the spirit which gave them birth; and there is many an old ceremonial custom periodically observed in various districts of this country, in which those take a part who would be puzzled to account for their origin. It is true this remark is not strictly applicable to the custom we are about to describe, inasmuch as the story of Oliver Cromwell, the execution of Charles I, the escape of his son from the parliamentary search, and his final restoration to the throne, are just that portion of English history, which, from the romance associated with it, is best known among the uneducated populace. But it is true also, that the *animus* which originated and gave importance and signification to this strange custom, if it were not entirely dead and buried, had long subsided into indifference, before it was our lot to witness the singular performances which characterized it.

In our boyhood, when the Peninsular war was raging, we chanced to reside in the neat and picturesque market-town of Tiverton, on the banks of the Exe. It was here that the custom to which we have alluded, and which, by the way, would have been far more honoured in the breach than in the observance, had full sway. In the year 1810, and of course for many generations previously, the 29th of May was as complete a holiday in this town as it could ever have been in any part of England since the first year of the Restoration. At early dawn, the whole town was awakened by the furious clanging of church bells, and instead of rising to pursue their usual occupations, they had to turn out and sally forth into the neighbouring fields, woods, and hedge-rows, where they set to work felling huge branches of oak from the trees, with which the locality abounded, and which they brought into town upon their shoulders to decorate the fronts of their houses. Woe to the luckless or drowsy tradesman who, by the usual time of opening shop, had not metamorphosed his shop-front into a green bower; he would find his apartments gratuitously ventilated by a shower of compliments from the unruly mob, and be driven to beg, borrow, or buy a bush in his extremity to shield himself from popular vengeance. No shops were open—no business was thought of



throughout the day. King Charles was personated by stuffed dolls, with tinsel crowns upon their heads, sitting astride upon the branches of the oak, not in accordance with history, endeavouring to conceal himself from observation, but making the utmost possible show of the gaudy trappings and glittering tiara with which he was adorned. Those who could afford it, covered a good portion of the leaves of the oak with leaf-gold, and the oak-apples, which had been carefully collected for many days previous, were gilded or silvered, and worn in the hat or the button-hole by all who could procure them. In those times there was neither city nor rural police; the only peripatetic delegate of authority being the parish constable, and he, for a reason best known to himself, never ventured to put in an appearance on oak-apple day. The whole town was delivered up to the mercies of the mob. It was a day on which ruffianism may be said to have been at a premium, the greatest ruffian being invariably selected from among a hundred or two of candidates to enact the part of Oliver Cromwell.

This historical personage made his appearance upon the stage about eleven o'clock in the day, by which time it was supposed that all unavoidable business might be transacted; and no female dared venture forth after that hour. The appearance of Oliver was the general signal for flight wherever he came. Imagine a brawny six-foot man, his face begrimed all over with a mixture of lamp-black and oil, and surmounted by a prodigious shock of hair dripping with grease, the lank locks of which hung dangling over his savage eye; his body, like that of a prize-fighter, naked to the waist, round which was tied a bag containing several pounds of the mixture with which his own skin, as far as it was visible, was anointed. This was Oliver Cromwell, and his mission was to catch hold of anybody and everybody that he could overtake, and, by forcing their heads into his capacious bag, make them free of the commonwealth, if they refused to come down with a ransom, the amount of which he fixed at his own discretion according to the circumstances of his captive. As a fleet and powerful fellow was invariably chosen to play Oliver, it was of course necessary to take measures to prevent him from becoming, in the excitement of the chase, too indiscriminate in the bestowal of his favours. As he was pelted by the mob, and plentifully swilled with water, of which there were running streams in most of the streets, it is no wonder that he should lose his temper, and become really savage, after having played the tyrant and the target for a few hours. By way of restraint, therefore, he was tied round the waist by a stout barge rope about fifty yards long, the end of which was in charge of his cabinet council, consisting of half-a-dozen congenial spirits, who probably shared his profits, and who, if they chose, could moderate his pace or pull him up suddenly when in pursuit of unlawful prey—such, for instance, as the parish doctor on a visit to a patient, or a magistrate amusing himself with a sight of the popular sport. That they were not very particular in these exceptional cases, may be gathered from the fact, that we once saw the Reverend Caleb Colton, the author of "Lacon," and "The Sampford Ghost," who was then clergyman of the

parish, and perfectly well known to every individual in the town, made captive by Oliver. The reverend gentleman suffered hideously from the grasp of the protector, and only escaped a dive into the grease-bag by the prompt payment of a guinea.

It is not easy to imagine all the circumstances presented by this unique and disgraceful spectacle: the uproar and tumult which swarmed round Oliver wherever he went—the panic which seized the pursuing multitude when he turned and pursued them—the insane yells and cries of encouragement when he had caught some unlucky or obnoxious individual—and, above all, the hideous appearance of the baited wretch himself, when worn out with the toils of his disgusting occupation, and savage with the jeers and injuries of the mob. Between the green boughs that covered every house-front, the windows were filled with spectators, among whom women and children looked on in safety upon a spectacle little calculated to inculcate the social or domestic virtues.

In our time Oliver held undisputed possession of the town until five o'clock in the afternoon, when his reign was at an end, and he was led off to retirement, and to count, and enjoy if he could, the fruits of his labours. After he had disappeared, the more respectable inhabitants were at liberty to come forth from their dwellings, and generally devoted the long summer evening to cricketing in the meadows or pic-nics and parties in the neighbouring villages.

This absurd and mischievous custom, which it may be fairly hoped has long been abolished, is in its details sufficiently suggestive of its origin. There can be little doubt that it was originally set on foot by the royalist party soon after the Restoration, in malice against the puritans, who in that part of the country must have been sufficiently numerous to provoke such a popular demonstration of dislike. It is evident that the mission of the first greasy Oliver who figured in Tiverton streets, was to catch the adherents, real or supposed, of the Protector; and the nonconformists, of whatever persuasion they might be, were naturally regarded as his legitimate spoil. We may conceive that the poor puritans of that day, having once had experience of the mercies of the unctuous ogre, would be careful to shut themselves up in their dwellings, with the security of bolt and bar, whenever the anniversary of the monstrous saturnalia came round; but sport, rather than persecution, was the object of the mob, and it mattered little to them who were the victims, so long as they were not balked of their pleasure. It may seem surprising at the first glance, that a custom so silly and puerile in its origin, and so hateful and immoral in its operation, should have survived in all its completeness through five or six generations, and lasted until our own day; but the force of precedent will keep alive even greater abuses; and of all the absurdities which gradually disappear from the face of the earth, those perhaps are among the longest-lived which are linked with the recreations of an ignorant populace.

Now.—"Now" is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time. "Now" is the watch-word of the wise. "Now" is on the banner of the prudent. Let us keep this little word always in our mind.